



Joseph Lindon Smith

THE MAN AND THE ARTIST

By

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MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, CAIRO.

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Cairo

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The author has written an Arabic version of this booklet,
which is being published simultaneously with this version.

Dedication

To an artist who, for
nearly 20 years, has been my
link with the world of Arts;

To a friend who has been
the inspiration of this booklet;

To Abd Essalam Mohammed
Hussein, Architect of ancient
Egyptian monuments;

This Volume
is affectionately dedicated.

M. Mahdi Allen

Garden City,

Cairo, 13 Jumādā al-Ūlā, 1368,

13 March, 1949.

This booklet gives a brief account of the life and works of a great American painter who has devoted 60 years to the art of mirroring, through his canvases, the ancient treasures of the past.



DR. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH

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ONE day last December, I was lunching with my friend Abd Essalam M. Hussein, Architect, Director of Works at Ancient Egyptian Monuments, at his flat in Cairo. Two elderly people were lunching with us.

An æsthetic old gentleman and a well-spoken lady. I knew they were Americans. So I asked them if they had visited England, and on learning that they had, I directed the conversation to the life and people of England as a starting point. I deliberately did so, partly because I assumed that they were new-comers to Egypt who did not know much about the country, and partly because I myself had only just come back to Egypt after twelve years' residence in England, and I was then anxious to study the change in my country rather than to talk about it to visitors.

Imagine my surprise when I learnt that the gentleman knew Egypt before I was born, and that the lady, in addition to knowing the country, reads the Qur'ân in Arabic once every six weeks, and is acquainted with Islamic literature.

But before I could overcome my surprise another surprise was awaiting me: When the gentleman was helping himself to food, he took on his plate such a small quantity that our host had to ask him why he was eating so little; his answer was: I have to be careful now that the season is starting, and I mustn't allow myself to grow fat, as I have sometimes to squeeze myself into narrow places inside tombs and other ancient buildings in order to paint my pictures. Here was a man of eighty-five years of age denying himself food for the sake of his art. From that moment on, I have felt for the grand old man such respect, such admiration, that I am not surprised to find myself writing this short biographical booklet about him.



THIS is Joseph Lindon Smith who is, as the reader will have already gathered, a painter. But he is a painter of a special technique, a special school of his own which has made him famous not only in his country but throughout the world. He uses "dry" paint, squeezing it out of a tube and with his talented brush he paints flat painted convases which look like bas-reliefs.

The fascination of the art of Joe Smith (as Dr. Smith is affectionately known among his friends) is linked up with an equally fascinating story which reveals the origin and development of that great

genius who was destined to enrich the world of fine arts with so much beauty, with so much faithful interpretations of the glorious past of a score of different countries.

We may attribute the shaping and development of the artistic life of Dr. Smith to three causes, an illness, that befell him, a man who befriended him and a woman who loved him.



JOSEPH Lindon Smith was born in 1863 at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, United States of America. On completing his secondary school course at a local school he was, at the age of 18, to sit for the entrance examination of the Brown University in Rhode Island. This he did not relish, and fate would have it that he would develop some trouble in his eyelids which prevented him from studying and saved him from having to sit for the examination. The next few months he spent at home doing nothing in particular except playing at drawing to amuse himself. Joe's parents, who were very anxious to give him as good an education as possible, did not approve of this "idleness." So they sent him to the school of Technology in Boston to attend (as a "listener") lectures in architecture and other subjects.

By now it was mid-term, and partly because of that, and partly owing to lack of interest on the part of young Joe, he understood nothing of what the lecturer was teaching. But he did not sit in the class doing nothing. Indeed he was as active as any of the other boys, but instead of using his ears to listen to the teacher, he used his eyes to look at the boys, and his hand to draw sketches of their faces. Having occupied himself so artistically, though perhaps not so profitably, for sometime, he directed his attention to the teacher, not to listen to him, of course, but to enhance his collection with a sketch of the master's face. Now, as is usual with boys in class, the boy behind Joe overlooked the notebook of the lecturer and, seeing the sketch of the lecturer, began to laugh. On realising this lack of discipline in the class, the teacher dismissed the boys except Joe whom he called up to his desk. He said to him: I have noticed that since you joined my class you have been diligent taking notes, now may I see your notebook? The young man handed the book to the master who looked at the first page which revealed a sketch of one of the boys. He commented that it was not a bad effort, and turning the rest of the pages one by one, he nodded meditatively until he came to the last page where he saw his own

sketch. "Is this how I look?" he asked. Then he added: Listen to me Joseph Smith, this is not the school for you; your school is across the road, the Boston School of Fine Arts. And this wise and far-sighted teacher wrote to the boy's parents advising that their son should go to the school where he could develop his natural talent. This came as something of a shock to the parents who had hoped for an academic education for their boy, and who looked upon the appearance of an artist in the family as something of a tragedy. Little did they suspect that young Joe was embarking on a most successful artistic career, and that he was destined to be one of the leading painters of the world. Nor did they have to wait long to see his promise demonstrated and his fame established.

Joe was immediately transferred to the School of Fine Arts where, after four weeks, he gained a scholarship. Here the budding young artist had found his vocation: From the dark cloud of his eye trouble shone upon him a silver lining which led him to the canvas and the brush, a silver lining which grew into a flood of light which has been illuminating the Past for sixty years.

Our young artist studied drawing and painting at the Museum School of Fine Arts in Boston for two years (1880-1882). Thence he went to Paris for another two years at the Academie Julien, under the two French teachers Boulanger and Lefèvre. At that time Salon pictures "which took all the summer to begin and all the winter to finish," were in vogue. In that atmosphere of the glamour of the present, began the training of the man who was destined to devote his art to the glory of the Past. Nevertheless, the training was both hard and good. On one occasion, Boulanger looked at some fishing boat themes which Joe and another student had done. The master's comment was: "What are they?" And when informed, he added: "Are they going or coming? And is that an iron sea?" On another occasion, when young Joe painted a tramp with a wooden leg, as a touch of realism, the master said acidly, "He not only has one wooden leg, he has two." This was unkind perhaps, but far from discouraging Joe, it encouraged him: he never lost faith in himself.

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IN 1884, young Mr. Joe Lindon Smith returned to Boston qualified as a painter, he hired a studio and started painting portraits and landscapes. He painted an oil sketch showing his sitter sitting in the

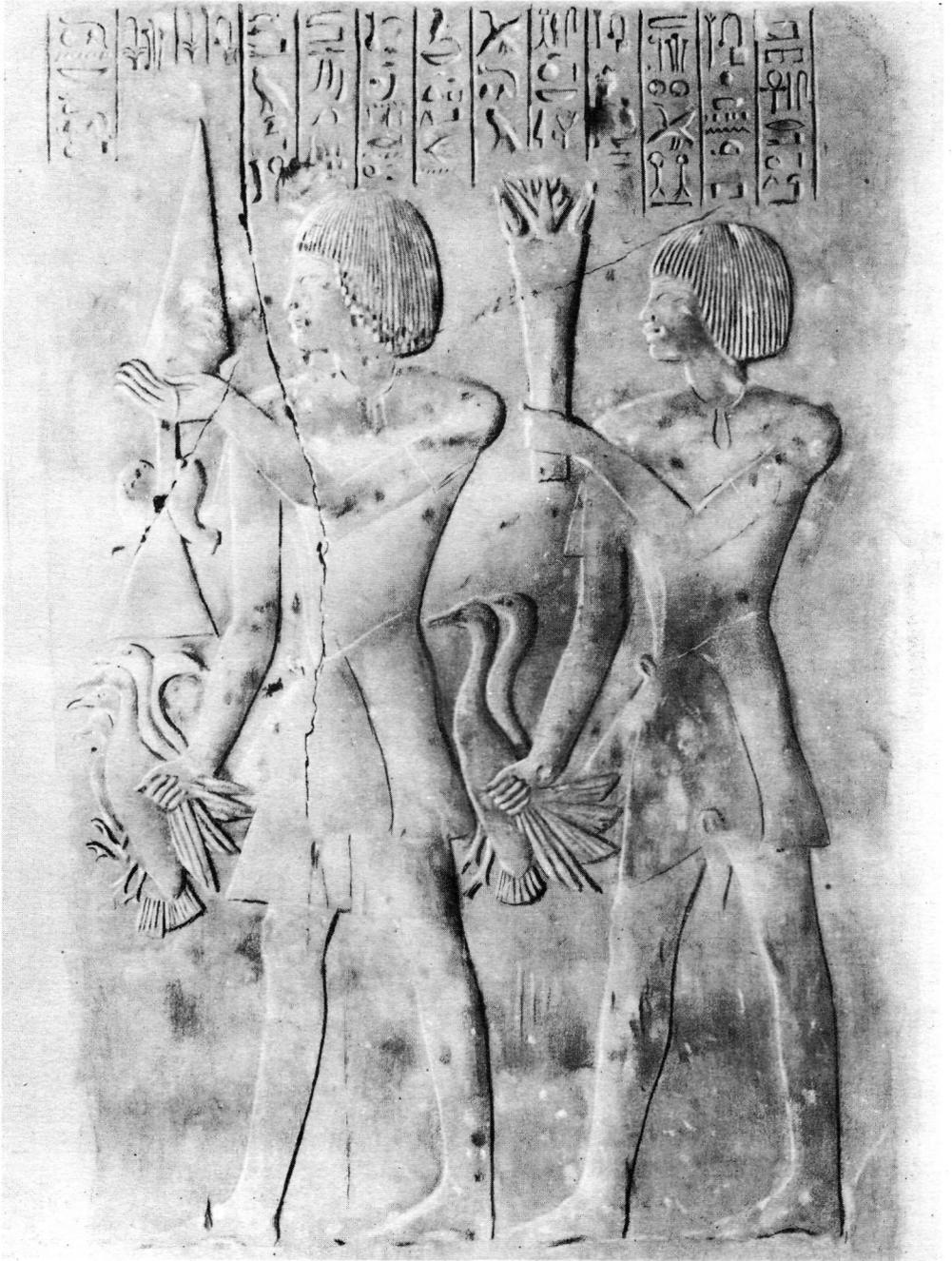
sunshine of the open air. This attracted the attention of a great master, who was none other than Denman Ross, then Professor of History of Fine Arts at Harvard University. He was quick to recognize in Mr. Smith's art "something" which was often lacking in other forms of modern art. The great professor asked our young artist to give him lessons in his technique, and the young graduate taught the venerable professor who became so interested in his new teacher that he discussed with him his plans for his future career. He asked him if he knew the arts of the past, had he seen the great German, Dutch and Italian masterpieces? Mr. Smith simply replied that he did not. The professor then invited him to join him on a tour, as his guest, in order to show him the masterpieces of earlier artists. For two or three years they travelled together. Denman Ross showing him the painting art of the Past and Joe Lindon Smith painting for him architectural and sculptural subjects in water colour following a technique which made it more than difficult to distinguish water colour from oil painting.

In Venice, Florence and Rome, Mr. Smith painted architectural pictures, while in Greece sculpture was his subject, all of which were done in his own technique which he uses to-day.

While abroad, the pupil-professor continued to learn the Smith technique. He imitated his young teacher in painting some architectural details of churches. Such was the success of his imitation of technique that had he not signed those pictures they would have been attributed to the original master.

Let us add here that Professor Denman Ross, in his lectures at Harvard University, on the History of Fine Arts, paid a magnificent and well-earned tribute to Dr. Smith by devoting a part of his course to the explanation of the new technique of a new master, founding a new school of painting — a new master whom the professor had already known, admired and encouraged, and a new school in which he himself was the first pupil.

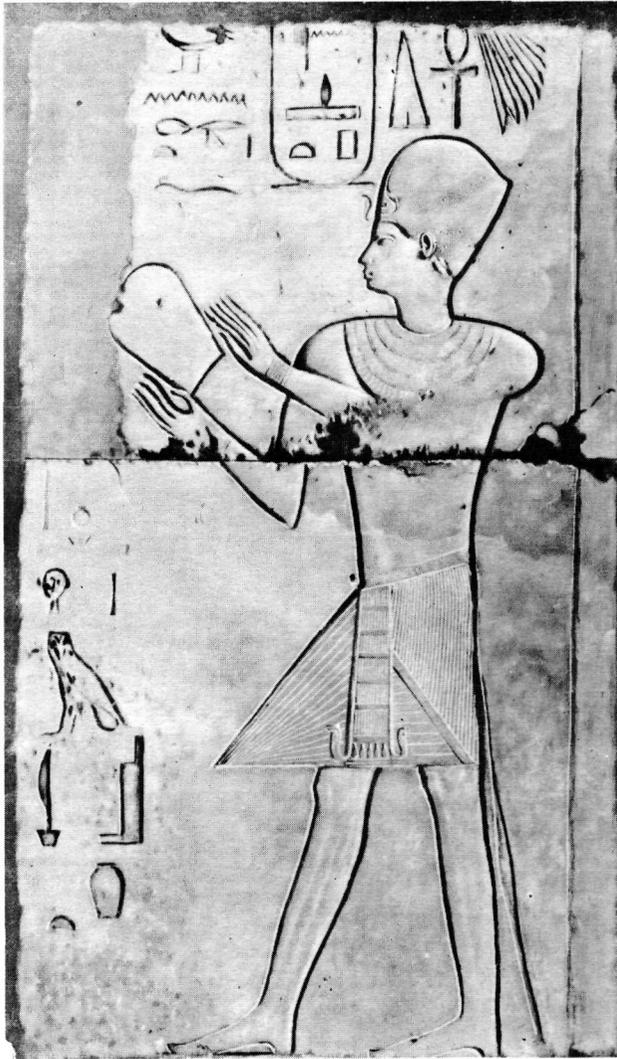
It was this wonderful association and mutual admiration that stimulated our young artist to apply his new technique to the interpretation of the Art of the Past for the benefit of those who, for various reasons, are unable to see it in its original homes. Could it have been a sub-conscious desire on the part of the artist (who, until Denman Ross invited him to see the treasures of the past, had not seen them), to facilitate for those who are not fortunate enough to find a Denman



Life size study of offering bearers. Tomb of Kha-em-het. Tombs of the Nobles — Thebes. Dyn. XVIII.

دراسة بالحجم الطبيعي لحاملتي القرابين بمعبرة هما - ام - حست ، من مقابر الأشراف بطيبة

7



1. Alabaster shrine, Karnak, Ahmose I. Dyn. XVIII.

أصم الأول بهتيل المزمير بالكرنك
الأسرة الثامنة عشرة

2



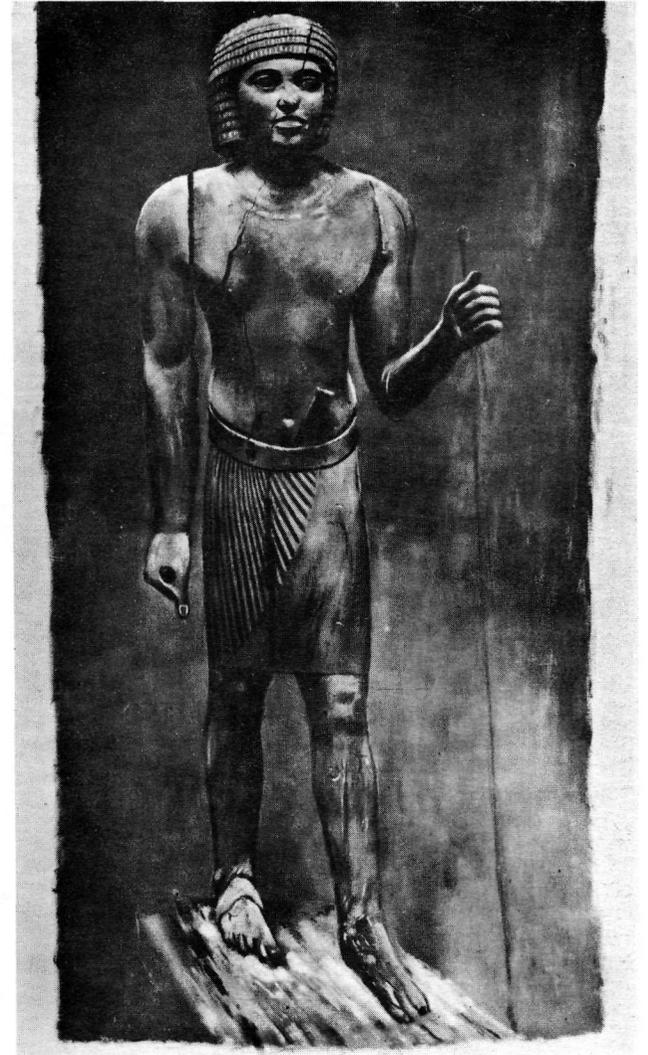
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2. Seti I, Temple of Seti, Abydos. Dyn. XIX.

سيتي الأول ، من معبد سيتي الأول في أبيدوس
الأسرة الثامنة عشرة

3



3. Akhet-hetep wooden statue, Sakkara. Dyn. V.

أخت - هت - من شمال خنيس في بقارة
الأسرة الخامسة

4. Joseph Lindon Smith painting at Karnak —
Thutmose III and Amon-Ra. Dyn. XVIII.

جوزيف ليندون سميت ، وهو يرسم تمثال ثوتмос الثالث وأمون - رع
في الكرنك - الأسرة الثامنة عشرة



New Kingdom fragment found at the entrance of the Valley Temple of OUNAS, Sakkara. Dyn. V.

لوحة حجرية من الدولة الحديثة ، عثر عليها بمعبد الوادي للملك أوناس في سفارة ، الأسرة الخامسة

Ross to see and appreciate replicas of the wonderful achievements of ancient artists?



WHEN Mr. Smith went back to his home town after his travels in Europe, he was a successful portrait and landscape painter, but he had already fallen under the spell of his own technique. Consequently he gave up a very promising career in order to gratify an artistic desire and express an artistic gift which has given life to a much wider world than that of living faces. A couple of years ago Dr. Smith was talking to a group of Egyptian Art students who were visiting his exhibition at the Cairo Museum, one of them asked him why he gave up portrait painting. Dr. Smith replied: "When I painted portraits my sitters were never on time, they invariably wriggled, and always had husbands or wives, mothers and other relatives each of whom had some criticism of the mouth, the nose or the chin." Then pointing to the statue of Ramses the Great, he added, "This is the sort of sitter I like, he is always on time, he never wriggles, and he has no relatives."

For the past 65 years Dr. Smith has been travelling, in pursuit of his subjects, all over the world, that is to say, all over that I may call "*the Art belt of the world.*" His canvases portray the cultural past of China, Japan, Cambodia, India, Indo-China, Java, Iran, Turkey, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Mexico, Honduras, the Mayans of Guatemala and Yucatan.

His first visit to Egypt was in 1898. There was something dramatic about that visit. In that year he was handsomely commissioned to paint in Italy; on the boat to Genoa he met an American friend who persuaded him to go to Egypt instead. He had never been to the Orient before. On his arrival in Cairo he stayed at a humble hotel in Mouski Street. The beauty of the East captured his imagination, at first he wanted to paint the bazaars, but a Boston friend, whom he met at the hotel, told him that the bazaar subjects had already been painted so well by other painters, that it would be better for him to go to Abou-Sinbel to paint archaeological subjects. The two friends made the journey to Abou-Sinbel, travelling third class, and there they lived in a tent as cheaply as they could. Dr. Smith was simply overcome by the beauty of the spot and its monuments. He painted in water colour four large pictures of the colossi and other subjects from the interior.

They were the first of a long and distinguished series of Egyptian sculptural pictures, and they made a good beginning.

One afternoon, as he was sitting outside his tent cleaning his brushes, a private steamer was sailing down the river. It tied up near the tent and a middle-aged lady looked out of one of the windows and said to the dragoman, "Look, there is a young painter." The lady then went ashore to look at the young artist's pictures. As soon as she saw the four pictures she said she would buy them, adding, "Have you any more pictures?" "Yes," said the artist, "another four," but they are not with me here." "I will buy them too," said the lady, without seeing them or even asking what they were about. The wind was favorable for the boat to sail again and the lady went back to it saying to the artist, "Come to dine with me tomorrow. the boat will be back here, and bring your companion with you;" adding, "Oh, and don't forget to bring your bill for the pictures." The boat moved leaving the artist thinking of his first transaction of Egyptian pictures... He had just sold his eight pictures to a completely unknown person, for a price which was not even mentioned either by him or by the purchaser!

The steamer returned the following day. Mr. Smith having priced his pictures as he thought fit, put down the price on a piece of paper which he folded and placed it in his pocket. The two artists made themselves as presentable as their modest means permitted (they had no evening suits for the luxury boat). They dined with the lady who asked for the bill, took it, read the amount, wrote a cheque, and, folding it in the same way as Mr. Smith had folded his bill, she handed it to him. He put it in his pocket. They had a chat about the young artist's career, and finally she asked him to dine with her in a month's time at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. With his companion Mr. Smith returned to his tent. It was only then that, in the light of a candle, he read the signature of his patron. Imagine his surprise (and delight) when he discovered that the unknown lady was Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, the widow of the great silver "king" in America! She continued to buy his pictures for four years. But her appreciation of Mr. Smith's art was not confined to the buying of his pictures, she talked about him and about his art.

One of her great friends was the late Dr. George A. Reisner who was excavating for her at the Giza Pyramids. On her return to Cairo after her meeting with Mr. Smith, she told the great archæologist about

the young artist, "I would like you to meet him," said Mrs. Hearst. "I don't want to meet him," said Reisner, "Nobody can paint pictures of archæological subjects." She then unrolled the pictures on the floor before him. His first remark was that he wanted to acquire the pictures for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. "But they are mine," said Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. Smith went to Shepheard's Hotel on the appointed night, and met Dr. Reisner. A long association and a happy friendship developed between the two men, and from 1910 until 1939, Mr. Smith was a member at Dr. Reisner's party of the Joint Expedition of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Harvard University at the Pyramids of Giza.



BUT we must go back to the time when Mr. Smith was still a new-comer to Egypt. During his first visit in 1898 he wrote to his parents promising to take them with him to Egypt the following year, but when he returned to the United States, he met and fell in love with a girl who reciprocated his love and they wanted to get married; he told her that his future wife would have to go to Egypt with him; she told him, however, that as he had promised to take his parents to the Nile Valley he might not be able to add to the party a wife. But Mr. Smith brought his parents and his wife to Egypt. And from that time Mrs. Smith has been by his side wherever he went.

His marriage to that fine and capable lady made it possible for him to carry out all his plans without the slightest anxiety about anything that may have come his way. I use the following epithets in their truest and most dignified sense — Besides being his loving and devoted wife, she has been his secretary, his manager and his producer. For half a century, she has taken such a keen interest in her husband's work that I was not surprised to hear him say, with obvious delight, that he works faster when she is beside him. (Although when she heard him say that, she said, humorously of course, he does it out of fear.) The long association with the Muslim East generally, and Egypt especially, has yielded another result in the Smith family. Mrs. Smith, without losing interest in archæology, was attracted by the religion of Islam. At the age of 22 she saw people pray in Egypt, she wanted to know the meaning and purpose of their prayer, so she decided to learn the Arabic language and to study Islam at first hand. Throughout their travels — they included two trips round the world — the artist and his wife co-operated in the use of the languages which they had to use

in the different countries which they visited, but on the whole it was Mrs. Smith who tackled the languages of the countries where they lived.



WHENEVER Mr. Smith was not painting in one or other of his artistic homes, he was doing something chiefly connected with art. Among his activities in between seasons, for example, are his duties as an honorary curator of the Egyptian Department of the Boston Museum; as a member of the Harvard University visiting Committee on Semitic and Egyptian Civilizations, which entails teaching, report compilation, etc. He also taught at the Architectural Department of Harvard University.

But his pictures have been educating art students and art lovers to share his own appreciation of the great traditions. Those very numerous pictures are owned by private owners and public institutions. Most of his Italian pictures are owned by the Fogg Museum of Harvard University. The Greek pictures are mostly in private ownership, but the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great in Istanbul (one of the few examples in colour), is owned by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Mrs. Hearst left her collection of Egyptian, Chinese and Japanese pictures for the California Museum. Some other Egyptian pictures, 150 in number, are kept at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Central American pictures are mostly in the Carnegie Institution of Washington D.C. and the Peabody Museum of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Persian pictures are in the Oriental Institute of Chicago. It may be added that these pictures can best be appreciated when they are seen in a group, as they are exhibited by the Museums which possess them.

The pictures of Mr. Smith, which are kept at Museums, are not merely exhibits for the public, indeed they form a useful source of study for the more serious observers; for instance, students of Ancient Egyptian Art at Harvard University visit, as part of their course, the Boston Museum where Mr. Smith's pictures, together with other masterpieces, are explained to them by their professor, William Stevenson Smith.

But it is rather a significant phenomenon that many of Dr. Smith's pictures, like himself, are always on the move. Several museums which own these pictures recognise their educational importance and have, in later years, through such national organisations as the American Federation of Arts, loan groups of them representing ancient art of

many countries for special exhibitions in museums and university schools all over the United States. In this way, students who could not afford to make the journey to see the originals, have been inspired by seeing exact replicas of the sculpture reliefs in the tombs and temples of Egypt and other countries, to undertake an intensive study of this traditional art — to say nothing of the interest and hope which the pictures have aroused in many, who are in a position to travel, to visit the lands of the originals of Dr. Smith's pictures.



NOTWITHSTANDING Dr. Smith's extensive travels and associations with the different centers of ancient art he never held a private exhibition in any of these centers before 1947, nor has he ever held one in any of the countries in which he painted except Egypt.

In the autumn of 1946, at Sakkara, Dr. A.A. Sanhoury Pasha, the former Minister of Education, saw some of Dr. Smith's paintings. The Minister paid him a threefold compliment; he walked up to one of the pictures, touched it with his finger saying in amazement: "But there is no stone!" He then asked the artist if he would be willing at the completion of his season's work to exhibit the collection in the Cairo Museum, primarily for the benefit of Egyptian artists and students; he also asked him if he would be willing to teach his painting technique to some students selected by the Egyptian Government.

The first exhibition took place in the spring of 1947, under the auspices of the Minister of Education, and was opened by Ismail M. Kabbani Bey, the present Under-Secretary of State for Education. A second exhibition was likewise held in the spring of 1948, and was also opened by Kabbani Bey.

This booklet is being written on the eve of the third exhibition which is scheduled to be held under the auspices of His Excellency Ali Ayyoub Bey, the Minister of Education, and to be opened on the 10th of April by M. Shafik Ghorbal Bey, the Under-Secretary of State for Education.

No greater honour could be paid to an artist by the Egyptian Government than to exhibit his paintings side by side with the original treasures of ancient Egypt in the main hall of the Cairo Museum.

I WOULD like to add to this brief account a few personal impressions which I have gained of this great artist. A spark of humour always illuminates his conversation. A few days ago he joined us, a small gathering representing several countries about to have tea at that hospitable residence of the architect Abd Essalam Hussein at Sakkara. When Dr. and Mrs. Smith were introduced to the company, he said he had just come from his tomb (i.e. his temporary studio) where he had been painting Kagemni. "I paint ancien sculptures," he said, "and I paint them so well, better in fact than the originals, you can't move the originals, but you can roll mine and take them anywhere you like." But when you discuss his art with him more seriously, he describes his achievements in such modest terms as these: I have been sixty-five years learning how to paint. I regard my art as an interpreter of the Past rather than a mirror.

Dr. Smith prefers absolute quietness while he is painting, but he likes his wife to be present beside him, and she does a great deal of studying while she keeps him company. At the same time he welcomes a silent visitor to watch him paint.

I asked Dr. Smith if he remembers the first sculptural picture he painted in his special technique. Without hesitation he replied: A picture of a bull in the Roman Forum which I painted in 1904 had the same technique as my present pictures, but the size was slightly condensed. This picture is privately owned in Boston. He then added, with obvious delight, that it was in Egypt that he treated for the first time large subjects in the original size.

When I asked him about his favourite picture, again without hesitation he replied: The picture of Mere-ruka (1947) which is housed now at the Museum of St. Louis, U.S.A.

On another occasion I asked him if he knew of any artist who had a similar technique before himself or after his introduction of that technique. His answer was modest but definite. No one before him had attempted the method, and only people whom he taught have painted like him. These include the famous professor Denman Ross, the young Egyptian pupils working at present under him, but the most outstanding disciples were his two daughters whom he trained and took to Egypt with him on some of his visits, and who almost attained the same standard as himself, and would have most probably reached

the same level as their father if they did not have to give up painting when they married.

Dr. Smith has a very keen eye for details. I saw him "spoil" the most perfect lines which he had just finished painting of the skirt of Kagemni, by dabbling "blotches" on them which apparently ruined the perfect likeness to the original mural relief. But there were the defacements in the original, caused by the passage of scores of centuries; anyone would have been tempted to leave the picture as it mirrored the original subject in its perfect condition. But the great artist, true to his art, faithful to a fault, had to show every defect as it appeared in the original: he was not concerned with restoration, his aim was reproduction: his art is not to make the original perfect, but to mirror it *perfectly*. There is little wonder, therefore, that he gave up portrait painting for people who would not accept his mirroring of their mouths or noses, but wanted him to paint them with "perfect" mouths and noses!

He prefers to paint in natural light, and fortunately most of the places where he has been painting, in Egypt at any rate, have enough day light. When there is not sufficient light however, he resorts to the use of sun light reflected from a mirror from the outside.

One of the most outstanding features of Dr. Smith's painting is the facility with which it reproduces wood as well as stone.

"Loon Point," the house of the Smith family in Dublin, New Hampshire, is from the outside in the form of a peninsula and runs out towards the north of Dublin Lake in one of the most beautiful sections of New Hampshire. From inside, the house is a habitable museum of fine arts. Everything there, according to a friend who has lived in it and described it to me, reflects beauty, charm and good taste. When Mrs. Smith first went to live in the house, as a young wife, she brought with her a number of objects which she had treasured. Young Mr. Smith, who did not like the objects, with great consideration and greater psychology, said nothing. But he gradually removed the "offending" objects one by one, replacing each of them with a real treasure of art, until finally Mrs. Smith was more than pleased with the replacements. He had indeed started his message in life with artistically educating his young wife to be worthy of his great genius. This training was later extended in the happy home to their children and grand-children.

In spite of the fact that Dr. Smith lives for his art, and apparently so much in the Past, he has many outside interests which are very

much the concern of the present and even the future. He is a lover of music and can play anything by ear. He is fond of drama and has written, acted and produced many historical and allegorical pageants.

He gives much of his time to relief work. During World War I, he went to France to entertain the troops. In peace time he occupies himself in the welfare and entertainment of small children.

It may befitting to end this brief account with the citation of the public orator of the University of New Hampshire, with which he presented Joseph Lindon Smith for the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Humane Letters, which the University conferred upon him in recognition of his contribution to Art.

“Mr. President,

“I have the honor to present Joseph Lindon Smith, devoted citizen of New Hampshire, who though his work has often required him to travel to the far corners of the world has always returned to his beloved Dublin to continue his active interest in the affairs and well being of this community.

“Born in Rhode Island, educated in private schools there, the schools of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and at the Académie Julien in Paris, he has achieved a position of international renown in the fields of painting and archæology. A long and distinguished list of museums here and abroad are possessors of his work. He had taught at the Boston Museum School, at Harvard University, and has only recently returned from Egypt where, at the request of that Government, he was engaged in teaching his technique to Egyptian painters. For many years he has served as Honorary Curator of Egyptian Art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. During the First World War he was engaged in relief work in France, Belgium and Italy, and headed a commission for the development of talent among soldiers.

“Teacher, artist, author and producer of many historical pageants, international traveller and archæologist, he has discovered and recorded for posterity the records and monuments of men of past ages. It is an honor to present him for the degree of DOCTOR OF HUMANE LETTERS.

“JOSEPH LINDON SMITH, teacher, skillful artist and archæologist, recapturing and bringing to the present the spirit as

well as the fact of the past, it is an honor by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Board of Trustees of the University of New Hampshire to confer upon you the degree of DOCTOR OF HUMANE LETTERS.

“Given this thirteenth day of June in the year of
Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Eight at
Durham, New Hampshire.

ARTHUR S. ADAMS,
President.”

Let me just add that the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters is one of the highest degrees an American university has to confer on honorary graduates; it is also a degree for which no candidate can study. It is purely an honour which can be acquired by those few who qualify for it by outstanding service.



TO-DAY, at 85, Joseph Lindon Smith is one of the world's happiest, busiest and most entertaining men. I have just left him putting the final touches to his painting of Kagemni at Sakkara. He is getting ready, for his third exhibition in Cairo, his latest pictures painted at Luxor and Sakkara, and in a few days what has hitherto been a privilege to a few friends, will be open to the public in Egypt.

In the long history of Fine Arts, there has seldom been so much painted for so many countries by one hand.



